



DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC

Music At Noon

Convocation Hall Student Recital Series

Monday, December 1, 2003 at 12:10 pm

Program

Große Etüden nach Paganini (1840)

(Six etudes transcribed from Paganini's *Violin Caprices*)

4. Etude in E-major

6. Etude in A-minor

Franz Liszt
(1811-1886)

Eileen Kim, piano

Dumky Trio in E Minor, Op. 90 (1890-91)

III. Andante

VI. Lento Maestoso

Antonín Dvořák
(1841-1904)

**Trang Nguyen, violin
Martin Kloppers, cello
Renna Hoang, piano**

Puisqu'ici bas (V. Hugo), Op. 10, No. 1 (1879)

Tarentelle (M. Monnier), Op. 10, No. 2 (1879)

Deux duos, Op. 11(1883)

1. La nuit (T de Banville)

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)
Ernest Chausson
(1855-1899)

**Amy Lin, voice
Erika Vogel, voice
Eileen Kim, piano**

Piano Trio No. 2 in C Minor, Op. 66 (1846)

III. Scherzo (Molto allegro quasi presto)

IV. Finale (Allegro appassionato)

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

**Wai Eng, violin
Simo Eng, cello
Montano Cabezas, piano**



Arts Building, University of Alberta

Translations

Puisqu'ici-bas toute ame (As each soul here below)

As each soul here below
Someone has lent,
Its music or its glow
Or its own scent;

As all things here below
To true love give
A thorn, or else a rose,
As they do live;

As April gives the oaks
A charming sound;
Night pain in kind sleep soaks,
Our cares to drown.

As air the small bird lends
Unto the branch
Dawn dew the flowers sends,
Their thirst to quench;

As when dark waves reach land
To take their rest,
They leave upon the strand
A sweet caress;

I give thee, at this hour,
Bent over thee,
The best that's in my power,
The best in me!

I give my thoughts so true,
Though sad they be,
Like glistening drops of dew
They fall on thee.

My vows uncounted claim
My love, always.
Receive the shade or flame
Of all my days.

My wildest transports greet,
Suspensions gone,
And each caress so sweet
Of this my song.

My spirit which, afar,
Drifts on the sea,
Its only gliding star
The sight of thee.

My muse, rocked by the hours
In dreamful sleep
Combines her tears with yours.
Full oft she weeps.

Take, heavenly creature,
O, my beauty,
My heart - its only feature
My love for thee.

Tarantelle (Tarantella)

The moon rises bright in the sky,
making midnight into day
Come with me, she said
come to the whirling sands
where leaping, flashing, turning, is the tarantella

Come! here are a couple
twirling around each other in the water
The man is handsome, the girl lovely
but look out, for without thinking
it will become a dance of love, the tarantella!

Sweet is the sound of the drum!
If I were a sailor's daughter
and you a fisherman, she said
everynight, joyously,
we'd love each other, and dance the tarantella!

La Nuit (The Night)

We bless the sweet night,
whose cool kiss sets us free.
Under its protection we feel alive
and free from worry and noise
Consuming care flies away,
the perfume in the air intoxicates us.
We bless the sweet night,
whose cool kiss sets us free.
Pale dreamer, troubled by a god
rest yourself: close your book.
In skies white as if frosted
a host of stars tremble and shine.
We bless the sweet night.